

Title: Elavain's Discovery Part II

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As they approached the temple, they realized that there were many creatures waiting today. Perhaps Elavain and Raven's invasion of the temple yesterday had caused for reinforcements to be called in. They looked at each other in determination. Neither had come this far to quit. However, Fossergrim realized that being on foot would not suffice to navigate the gauntlet of evil that lay before them. Usually he would fight in Lich form and had no use for a mount, but today he recalled and brought his steed Death from the stable. With a glint in his eyes, the pale horse stomped and whinnied, eager to slam his hooves into the dirt of the highway. Fossergrim mounted his steed and set off for the moongate.

While Fossergrim was retrieving his mount, Elavain engaged in skirmishes with the evil monsters around the temple. She slay many and worked to lure them away from the narrow entrances to the temple. She met with some success, but the forces of evil continued to roll in like the tide and she wondered if her and Fossergrim would be enough to combat these

fiends and gain access to the temple. She heard hooves and watched as Fossergrim rode straight into the temple. As he passed through the narrow opening he shouted for her to recall to safety, that this part of the quest was his alone to complete. She opened her runebook and reluctantly whispered the words that would take her to safety and home...

Fossergrim rode into the temple like a madman! Death trampled controllers and deamons alike in their mad dash towards the black portal. Once on the lower level, Fossergrim rode to what was hopefully a safe corner and dismounted. Death snorted at his instructions to stay, but he obeyed his master. Fossergrim then transformed himself into Lich form and summoned his vampire bat familiar... they soon encountered their first Exodus Minion.

As the machine whirred into life, Fossergrim summoned a Revenant to assist with the battle. Even with such an adversary, the machine was difficult to kill and Fossergrim was careful to stay out of the reach of its sharp bladed arm. The fight was as a dance, careful moves in circles around his prey always mindful that other creatures would be nearby and if he moved too quickly he would be overwhelmed and killed. As the first machine fell to the ground in a heap of metal and gears, another floated around the corner

and began whirring angrily. Fossergrim again attacked with the practice and precision honed in hours spent in Deamon Alley, and eventually this machine also fell in pieces.

He again felt the odd sense of completion, signaling that the requirements for the quest had been satisfied. He strode over to Death and jumped into the saddle, not wasting a second he recalled out to safety as the groans and shrieks of other hideous monsters echoed loudly through the halls of the temple.

Once back in the Heartland, Fossergrim received his reward with the humility of a man who knows that one must depend on others to accomplish anything of worth. He thought that perhaps he was not as alone as he had felt earlier and that maybe his life did have some purpose. He decided to forgive Lord Raven for his resurrection and to thank Elavain and Avenhaar the Elf for their steadfast help in meeting the challenges of the day.

Unsure that all of the trials of the day would actually help to reveal his true purpose he thought that if anything, he had at least made some progress towards changing towards the better. He placed his hands on both sides of the helmet that had covered his visage for so long and lifted it free of his head. The

Ornate Crown of the
Harrower rolled on the
ground at his feet.
Breathing fresh air for
the first time in ages...
he fed Death an apple
and road off to Rat
Alley to begin his training
in the Arcane arts of
Spellweaving.

The End... or The
Beginning